

Not Going There

Silvia - as passionate and hardworking as the petite redhead undoubtedly was, when it came to her full-time job as a legal secretary - was still more passionate about, and devoted to, the small press literary journal, which she edited in her spare time. And, more even than that, Silvia was deeply passionate about her own first novel, the success of which made her delighted and proud.

She had left the office on time, for a change. Half past five, and not a minute later. Silvia had been looking forward to that evening's event, and for once, Hart and Lovegrove Solicitors were not her highest priority. The awards ceremony was.

She only wished that there was anyone in her day-to-day life with whom to share her excitement. There was no one. Her father had died, a few years earlier. Her mother was disinterested and dismissive. And Silvia's sister, Briony, although barely thirty, making her three years younger than Silvia, was already married with five children. Bri made it clear, whenever she and her sister spoke, that she was the one with important commitments. In common with their mother, Briony demonstrated little to no interest in Silvia's life and achievements. Bri's world revolved around her husband, Edward, and their three sons and two daughters.

Silvia would ordinarily have talked to her long-term best friend, Helen. But, since becoming engaged recently, Helen was almost as preoccupied as Briony. If a conversation did not revolve around Matthew or weddings, Silvia's friend rapidly lost interest.

Silvia scrolled through the contact list on her phone,

lingering on one name: Daniel.

Silvia resisted the temptation. It simply wasn't worth reopening those wounds. She wasn't going there. She definitely wasn't going there.